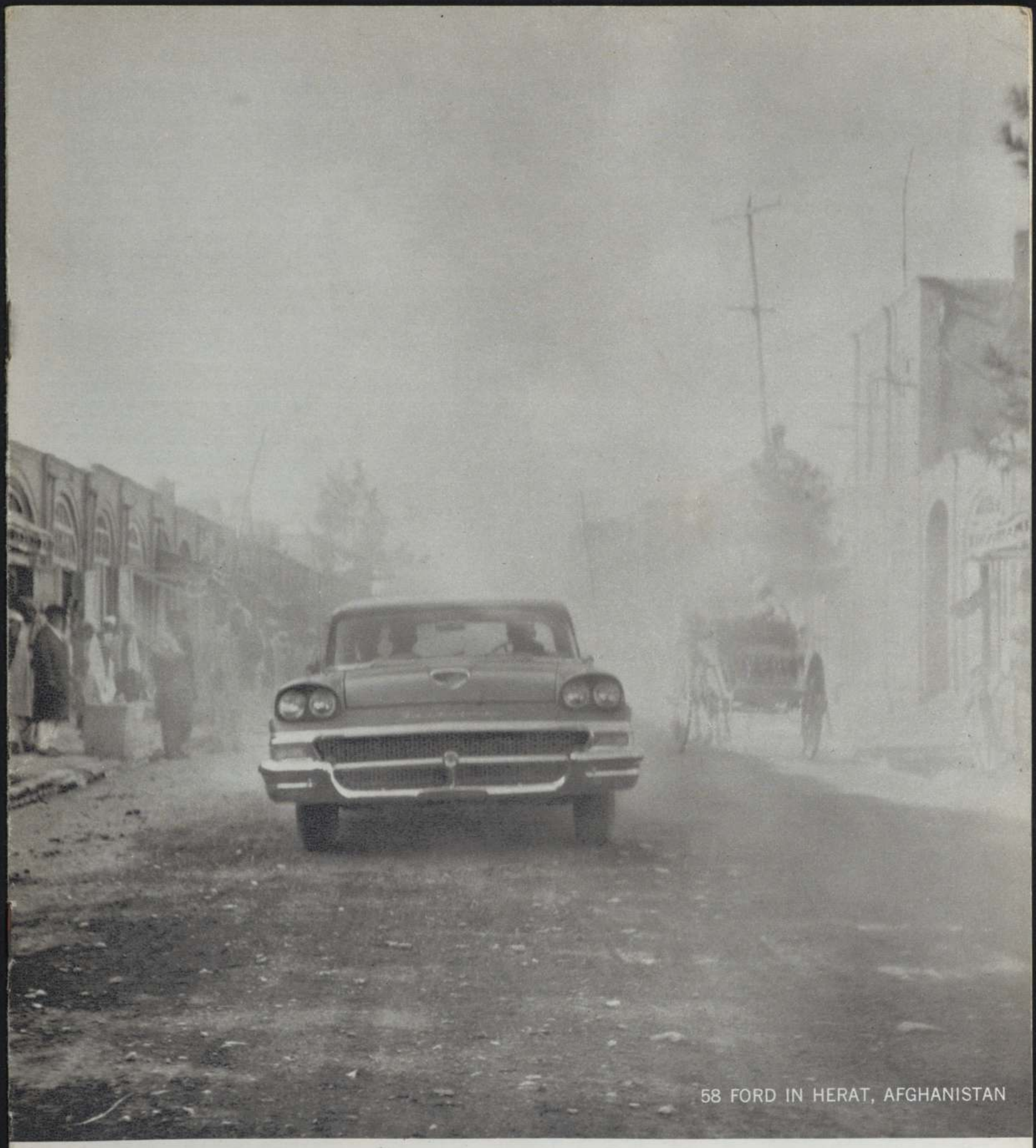


58 FORD IN HERAT, AFGHANISTAN

The car that went around the world to prove itself to you

On parade with the Life Guards in London

It was a long, long way, and most of it hard going. They drove under steady tension. Nothing must go wrong . . . and yet there was always a chance.

They drove hard, often furiously, no matter how bad the going, because they had to be at certain foreign borders exactly on schedule, or the arrangements made so carefully months ahead would collapse, since the one man empowered to bring the expensive caravan through customs at that border point must leave on his rounds, taking with him his seals and stamps and knowledge of English.

They drove most nights, often till midnight, sometimes all night. They drove seven days a week, through half of July, all of August and September, and half of October. They had superb turnpikes—and mud, sand, rocks, including earthquake-shattered roads! On the main-traveled roads, they kept a tense alert for scooters, the pony-carts, the rickshaws and trishaws, the wobbling antique buses heaped with great wooden trunks and sardined with people.

The road became the enemy. It was an endless, troublesome, sometimes dangerous snake, twisting eternally out of sight over the horizon—and over the next horizon.

When they heard of good paved road ahead, the cars seemed to leap forward, hurrying like cattle who can smell water.

Someone, looking at the 58 Ford last March, said: "Why not drive it around the world?"

That was the last time it seemed easy.

The maps were brought out. Enthusiasm faded into seriousness, and then into grimness. A travel folder in an armchair is one thing, but where-do-you-get-gas-in-Afghanistan is another. They had happily bitten into a problem, it developed, which was veined with granite.

But out of the laboratories, out of the styling studio, out of engineering, had come the first models of the 1958 Ford. Here was an extraordinary new car. How could its value be proved most convincingly, most honestly, to a public long since weary of racing tests, hill-climb tests and speedway tests?

Someone said: "We'll use the whole world as a test track."

And so it came to pass that many people in many places set to work on days and nights and weekends. Men traveled far, hammered and lifted, wrote letters, negotiated customs, saw frontier guards, passed through bayonets into far-off consulates, sat on rugs in tents and talked. Men were lectured on foreign customs, so that they should not eat the wrong thing, or speak or smile at the wrong time.

Gas, oil and passports

In Detroit, a small caravan was created. There were two cars, the first 1958 Fords, blue-and-white Fairlane 500 Town Sedans. There were two trucks: 1958 Ford F-350's with 4-wheel drive, nose-mounted winches, water tanks, refrigeration units to cool vital drugs and film, an enormous array of gear to keep eighteen men fed and clothed and housed for months. There was a '57 Ford Ranch Wagon specially adapted for use as a high-speed, go-anywhere camera platform. The crew was hand-picked. There were five Ford drivers—young, tough, experienced. There were men who could argue the fine points of border diplomacy and double as cooks; men skilled in international finance and the art of haggling for food in native bazaars. There was a globe-trotting cameraman. There was a doctor. All were tested physically, inoculated (16 times each), passported, and briefed. A cartographer stood by in Paris.

Gas, oil and local know-how in each area was absolutely essential. We were testing engines designed to run on stand-

A Paris taxi driver gives the new Ford a professional once-over. His reaction? "Formidable!"

ard grades of American fuels. Such fuels are not readily available everywhere so Socony Mobil arranged to stretch a lifeline of fuel around the world . . . in itself an exceedingly difficult project. Through its foreign branches, gas and lubrication caches were planned in such remote places as the desert town of Maimana in Afghanistan, 20 miles from the Soviet border.

Early in July, trucks and cars left Michigan and drove separately to New York to avoid attracting attention. In New York, they loaded aboard ship and set sail for England. And so the great adventure began, quietly.

First stop—London

At Southampton, a camera crew boarded the sea-going tug *Neptune* to "shoot" the arrival of the 58 Ford in England. Fifteen minutes later, they discovered they were on the wrong boat and transferred to the tug *Sinbad.*

A careless whale saved the day. During the night, the *S.S. New York* rammed a whale which hung on the bow, cutting down the liner's speed until the captain reversed engines and shook free. So the *Sinbad* was in time, and soon the Ford was swung out over the dock, welcomed, filmed and escorted to London.

After three days in London, the Ford was driven to the Silver City Air Ferry at Lydd Airport, and twenty minutes later it landed in France at Le Touquet. From there the road lay to Paris, 115 miles away. The Ford set off, following the main route taken by the Allied Forces during the 1944 invasion.

Rendezvous in Paris

Beautiful Paris is one place where everyone wants to take pictures, but there was precious little time for taking pictures in such world famous Paris locations as the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, the exclusive Polo Grounds in the Bois de Boulogne. The drivers found Paris traffic exciting, to say the least. Under recent laws, honking is forbidden, forcing the adventurous French to drive with more Gallic intensity than ever, the air "bleu" with dialogue and exhaust fumes.

Who ever wants to leave Paris? All too soon, the caravan was on its way (in a downpour) headed for Switzerland. The route: Fontainebleau, Auxerre, Dijon to Champagnole, a trip of approx-

Switzerland means snow and sky, the bong of cow bells, the echoes of mountain horns, rich cheeses and pastries. To the tense drivers it also meant the first big test of the 58 Ford's new steering.

imately 250 miles, with time of arrival estimated at early evening. But the roads were crowded, the rain persisted. Champagnole was reached at 2 a.m., and the crew began to realize the expedition was not all lark.

Five hours later, the caravan rolled out of Champagnole; by lunch, the men had their first taste of mountain driving, in the Juras. A driver in one of the trucks tried coming down a mountain on the emergency brake and learned his lesson in a warning cloud of smoke. They crossed the Swiss border, and by eight p.m. were bedded down in Geneva.

The road to Rome

At 5 a.m. of a Thursday morning, the caravan rolled off toward Brigue, at the foot of the Simplon Pass through the Alps. The grades are not very steep, no more than 18 per cent, but the roads are often trickily narrow, and the famous hairpin turns twist clear around through a frightening 180° while only a few squat cement posts stand between you and nothingness. But the big Fords proved as agile as the tiny cars met on the way, while the big V-8 engines left them panting far behind.

This was the first real test of the new Fords' handling ability, and the skeptical frowns of the test drivers—who as a breed always expect the worst—began to thaw a bit. Like all professional drivers, they favored manual gearshifts and thought the cars should have been so equipped. Now they found they liked the new automatic transmission in mountain driving. It left both hands free for the wheel, and its smooth flexible selection of gear ranges made it easy to pass slow-moving trucks on the short straight stretches between switchbacks. "Shifting with your right foot," they called it. The whole caravan swung easily through the pass and down toward the Italian border.

The first town in Italy was Domodossola, near serene, blue Lake Maggiore. Here the caravan bogged down suddenly. In one of those things that's bound to happen, someone had forgotten to post bond at the local bank to the expedition's credit for the $5,000 deposit which must by law be paid by a camera crew entering Italy. While the expedition leaders took turns burning up the telephone wires, car-loving Italians ogled the rolling stock. Four nerve-weary hours later, the caravan was permitted to start for Genoa. It arrived at 2 a.m. the next morning, and few people have ever entered the famous old seaport in more foul humor. Four hours later, they moved grumpily on to picturesque Portofino, their tempers improving as they watched the gay police motorcycle escort, which zipped along the seacoast roads with such abandon that it seemed only a matter of time before cops, cars and trucks would all go over a cliff.

From here, the route lay down to

Rome, then across the Appenines and up to Venice. At Venice, all rolling stock was parked in one of the two huge garages at the entrance to the beautiful city whose fleets once ruled the Mediterranean; the crews went up the canals to their hotels by gondola and motoscafa, the motorboat taxis of Venice.

Saturday was the first full day of rest authorized since New York; on Sunday, all trucks and cars were checked thoroughly, and everyone went to bed early. The biggest test in Europe was coming.

Down the Dalmatian coast

The caravan left Venice on Monday, August 5, at 6:15 a.m. and reached Trieste at 10 a.m. The Italian border and customs were cleared at 11 a.m.—the Yugoslav border and customs at 12 noon.

There are many modern turnpikes in Yugoslavia, including Tito's wide autobahn from Zagreb to Belgrade. But turnpike driving is no honest test. So at Rijeka the Fords turned right.

The expedition had chosen to follow one of the most scenic roads in the world —the famous Yugoslavian shore road along the Adriatic.

At Senj, the blacktop ran out—the road that swung up to the coastline mountain range was one lane, of crushed rock. In some places, the road tilted up at a startling 36° grade (the steepest hill on the Ford test track is only 30°).

The new cars sailed right on up, with traction and power to spare. But coming round a hairpin turn, one sedan ran smack into a fresh-fallen rock, with no time to stop, no place to turn. The huge rock jammed underneath the car, bashing the rear engine mount and knocking the engine 1½ inches out of line. Although there were opportunities to repair the damage, the car ran on—sweet as ever. Weeks and thousands of miles later it rolled into Detroit still unrepaired.

The pressure of the schedule mounted. At one point, the road shot up the mountain side through 25 heart-stopping switchbacks. The photographer saw it as the location to end locations; he begged that the caravan stop. No time.

In the old, beautiful, walled city of Dubrovnik, where no building is less than 400 years old, the caravan stopped two days. The Summer Festival was in full swing with colorful native dances, and the annual all-Yugoslav production of Hamlet. But a third of the crew were down with the stomach troubles that plague the fly-by-night traveler. Those who could, took pictures. The rest stayed off their feet and tried not to think of the thousands of miles ahead.

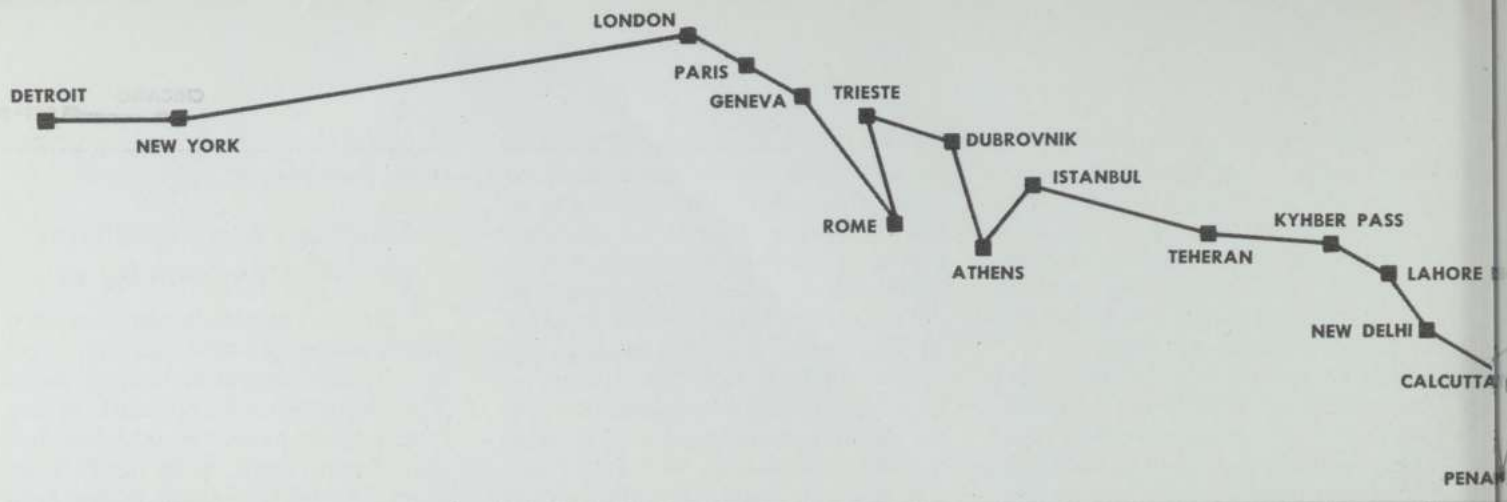
Mad dogs and expeditions go out in the noonday sun

From the Yugoslav border to modern, bustling Salonika, the roads were excellent, but driving was no less a problem. The good roads were crowded—trucks, farm wagons moved by reluctant donkeys, horses, oxen, herds of sheep and goats. The drivers spurted, braked hard, spurted. Every few miles, without warning, the cars would crump into four-foot wide chuck holes at 50 mph.

Wednesday's run was 370 miles down the center of Greece to Athens. Thursday through Sunday the photographer shot against the backdrops of ancient Athenian architecture, for centuries the classic examples of design at its purest. A new

A boy in Dubrovnik is like a boy in Detroit.

Making time through the mountains of Yugoslavia.



problem: daily temperature wavered between 104° and 107°; all Athens siestaed from noon to 4 p.m. while the drivers and others, helping the cameraman, blistered on location. On Sunday night, the Mobil Overseas escort, who had ridden with the caravan from England, threw a farewell party in Athens' finest nightclub. Halfway through the exotic floorshow most of the crew fell asleep at the table. The Mobil Overseas man looked tactfully away; tomorrow he would fly back to England . . . his friends had over 20,000 unrelieved miles still to go.

On Monday, August 19, the caravan drove to Piraeus, ancient port of Athens, and loaded aboard the Turkish motorship, *Ege*. For a day and a night they had a chance to recover from dysentery, sore muscles and plain fatigue while the freighter plowed stolidly through the bright blue Aegean toward Istanbul—ancient gateway to Asia, last stop in Europe.

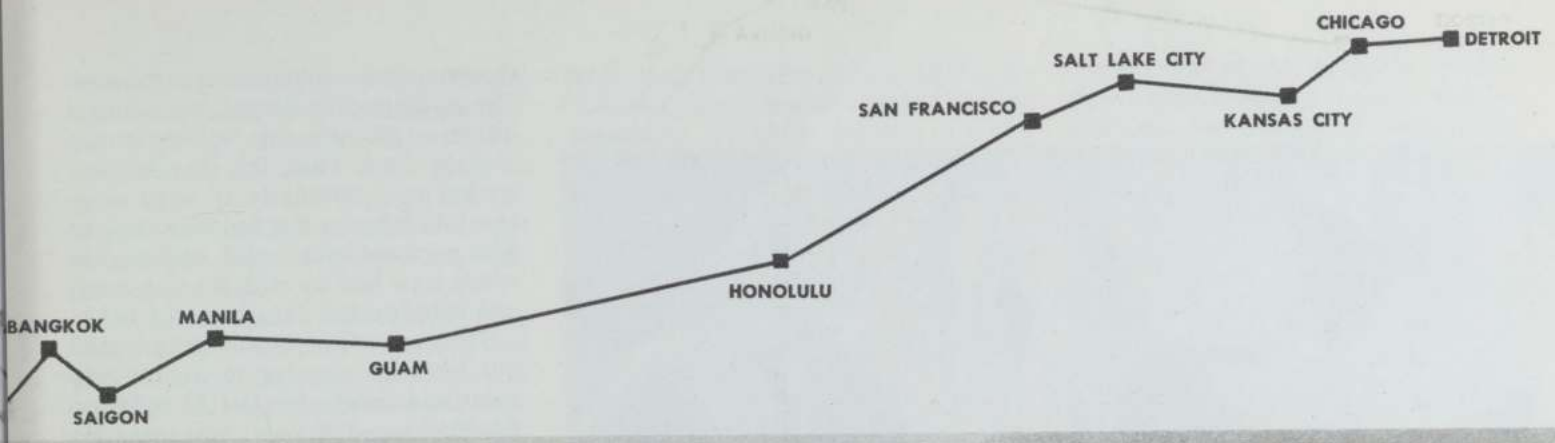
At 5 p.m. Tuesday, the *Ege* sailed up the straits of Bosporus, and into the glittering Golden Horn—the arm of the Bosporus that forms Istanbul's harbor.

Athens—The Evzones at the King's Palace paraded before the Ford group; and the Fords returned the compliment.

A large welcoming committee was waiting on the dock . . . but turned out to be for a Turkish piano prodigy on the same ship.

On Saturday the caravan ferried across the Bosporus and set off at a brisk clip on good blacktop; some of it four-lane boulevard. The 192 miles to Ankara, capital of Turkey, were over almost before they began. It was blacktop going next day almost all the way to Aksaray; there the caravan turned off on narrow, unsurfaced gravel to the ruins of Goreme. Now came the dust—dust that never left the caravan until Pakistan. Dust a foot thick on the edge of the road, dust that forced the drivers to keep a half-mile behind the car ahead, dust that filled the engine air filters in cupfuls daily, dust that got into everything, everywhere—*except* the engines which showed up clean at every oil change.

A typical day's run? Take the 302 miles from Sivas to Erzurum. The dust



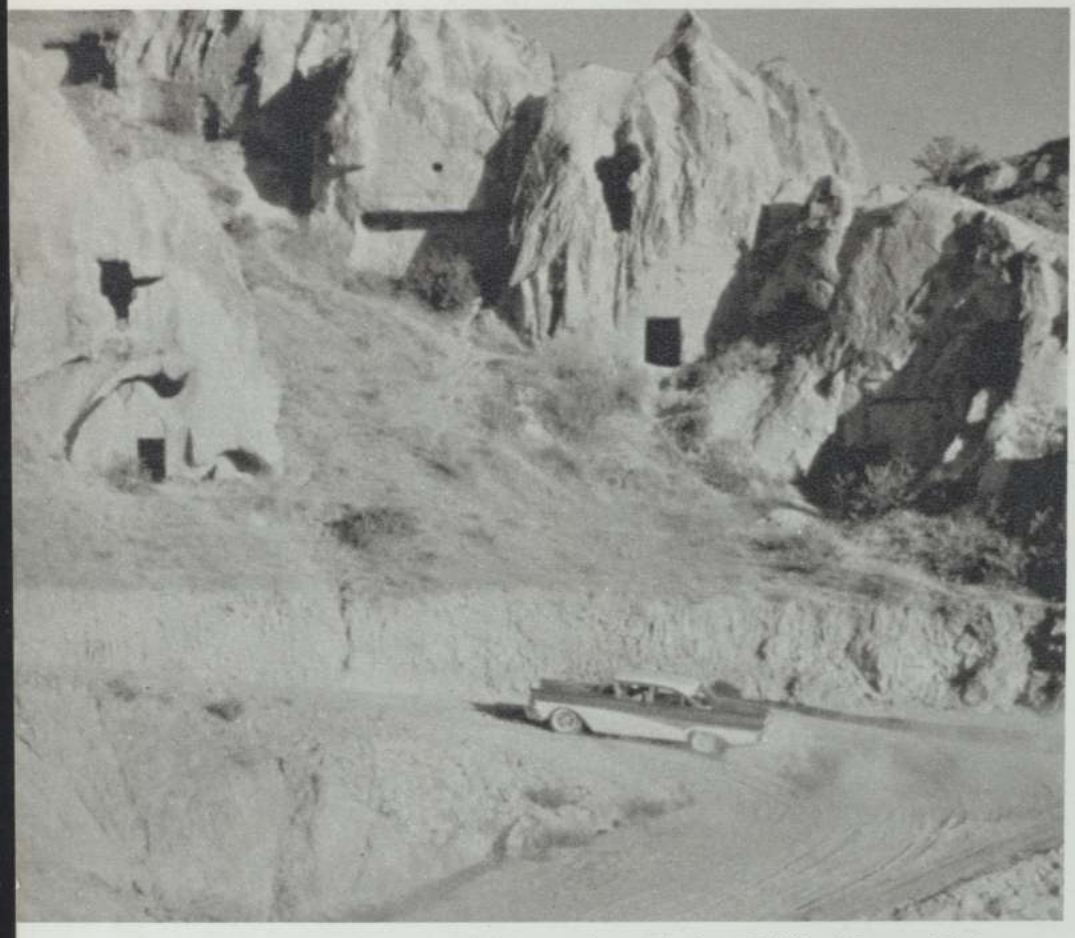
Swirling through ageless Asian dust, the 58 Ford puts on speed to reach the next village before nightfall.

was heavy, the terrain mountainous, the roads deeply washboarded. The sparse local traffic moved at about 20 mph; the new Fords, carrying four passengers plus 500 pounds of equipment, had to travel at 40 mph to keep schedule. At this speed the severe washboard hammered the car brutally. But they could not slow up. Fail to reach a check-point or a border at the appointed time and the man with the all-important rubber stamp would be gone.

Erzurum is in the military zone on the

Entrance into Asia always has a peculiar significance; here is the continent where many believe all civilization on earth began; on this dust, out of these jungles, through these mountains came all our ancestors—this is the home of history, lost in myth, dressed up today in rituals we cannot understand.

Many millions of people live on this continent—and very, very few live a life that resembles our own in any way beyond the facts of birth and death, the habits of eating and sleeping. But the crew soon learned that once men smile at each other, or work together knee-deep in mud, there is no more strangeness.



Sixth Century Christians carved these cave-houses in the rock hills of Goreme, Turkey.

Russian frontier. A military escort met the caravan, staying to the Iranian frontier. No photographs. On Thursday morning the caravan left Erzurum with a new order of the day. They would camp on the frontier at a site picked by the Turkish army. By 4:30 the site was reached, tents pitched, field-kitchen set up. Across the plain towered the white cone of Mt. Ararat. There was no incident all night, unless it was the extreme solicitude of the Turkish sentries patrolling the camp. Sleep was virtually impossible because each of the sentries signaled his "all's well" every few minutes by blowing a high-pitched whistle.

Make or break

Reveille was at 4:30 a.m., and they were off — through customs and into old Persia, now Iran. A new hazard was discovered: open irrigation ditches, often three feet deep—running across the road. The leading sedan hit the first of these ditches at 40 mph—but nothing broke, nothing bent. Then the caravan proceeded more cautiously, through country that looked as if it had been covered with mud and baked solid. At Khoy the whole crew had tea with the Governor, and they reached Tabriz at 10 p.m.

The run to Qazvin was really rugged but the next morning to Tehran was short and sweet—the last 15 miles on fine blacktop. Tehran is a vast sprawling city—over a million people, modern buildings, big residential building projects going up. To the crew it was an oasis. After lonely miles of baked mud they reveled in beautiful tree-lined avenues, jewel-green Persian gardens, and even the traffic.

This was their last easy run.

By the clear hot dawn of Tuesday the caravan was well out of Semnan. It had been decided to stretch this day's run all the way to Meshed, 435 miles away, one of Islam's holiest cities, second only to Mecca.

To and from Meshed the pilgrims travel endlessly—and mostly by bus. Passing these buses in a storm of dust was harrowing—the horns had filled with dust and were useless. No camel or donkey could be seen on the parched plains. Mirages swam up out of the great Persian salt desert . . . beautiful lakes and trees vanishing on approach.

They reached Meshed at 2:15 next morning. After 22 hours of almost continuous driving on those difficult roads the crew fell onto their beds in a drugged sprawl. The drivers were never once spelled at the wheel in all that time.

The entire crew slept until mid-morning.

Grey men in grey cars

Thursday, September 12. Morning call, 4 a.m. The Iranian border was reached

Military zone on the Russian frontier—Turkish sentries patrol the expeditions camp near the Iranian border.

22 hours of desert driving leave their mark on a man. During a brief stop, one of the truck drivers slumps in his cab too tired even to eat.

before noon; the customs officials served tea and melons all around. Then over the line to the Afghan border station, where the customs officer, who rarely checks in more than one tourist per day, felt the expedition was a landslide. There was no delay: the Afghani government had cleared the way.

Lunch was a cook-out: cooking gear was set up while the mess sergeant (Ford's expedition coordinator) and the cook (an assistant cameraman) had their daily wrangle. The mess sergeant strongly favored the meat-and-two-vegetables approach and said he would gladly wash the extra pots and pans. The cook, a staunch advocate of hobo stew, maintained it wasn't a matter of pots and pans, it was a matter of taste. With the mess sergeant silenced by this piece of logic, the cook dumped 5 packages of soup mix, 4 packages of spaghetti mix, 3 cans of corned beef, and 4 packages of dehydrated potatoes into a huge pot of boiling water. Even the mess sergeant agreed it was almost edible.

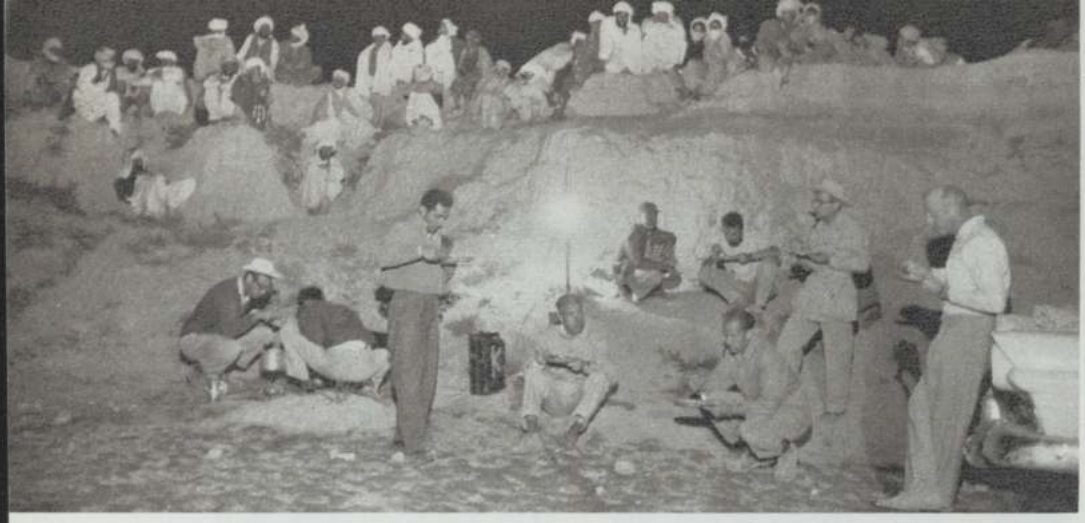
Next day they reached Herat—the rug weaving center. There were camels lolloping through the downtown streets, but by now the crew were used to that. New and startling was the sight of women dressed in strictest purdah . . . completely covered from head to foot beneath grey or black veils and robes.

That evening the crew were guests of the Provincial Governor, Minister of Education and the Mayor for a "small informal tea." Seated on the floor, Afghan style, they were served a variety of teas—but also a 14-course dinner of meats, fowl, breads, and six kinds of fruit.

Next day was different. The crew will carry the memory of it to their graves.It started simply enough at 6 a.m. as a moderately tough 176-mile run to Bala Murghab. The road-center was highly crowned, and the crown was capped with rock and loose stones. Later, in Pakistan, when they were jacked up for inspection, the under sections of both cars looked as if they had been worked over with a 10-lb. sledge hammer.

Two hours out the camera car hit a rock and bent a tie rod. It had to be straightened. An hour later a rear tire blew. The road had been leading across a broad plain, dotted with herds of sheep and the tents of nomads coming down from the hills for the winter. Now it began to climb steeply, 9,000 feet up into the mountains. The temperature at noon was 105°. At 3 o'clock a high rock knocked the exhaust pipe off one of the cars. At 5 the caravan entered the little town of Qual 'eh Nau and asked for directions. "Turn left," said the town policeman. With great difficulty they crossed two nearly collapsed bridges, then a stream that was next to impassable. But the willing tribesmen broke down their own mud dam to lower the water level. One car was sent across. It sank up to its axles, stuck dead in the middle, and was slowly hauled back by truck winch. A truck was sent across, and made it with its 4-wheel drive. The rest of the caravan was hauled across with a long chain. Thirty minutes of pushing, splashing and digging—with the laughing, cheering tribesmen pitching in. Just as everyone was wrung out and ready to roll on, the red-faced policeman rode up from town waving fractically. Many apologies. The expedition should have turned right—not left. They were now heading straight for the Russian border, eight miles away.

A sudden sandstorm blends sky, road and desert into one. You push on . . . and hope for the best.



Silent Afghan tribesmen watch the expedition at supper. Minutes after this picture was taken a misunderstood act of friendliness caused a near riot.

They went back through the stream again . . . the second crossing took longer.

Their luck still held . . . bad. Crossing a stream, one sedan hung up on hidden rocks — and tore off the crankcase skid-plate. On again. By 10 p.m. everyone had had enough and the caravan swung off the road and down into a draw. While they cooked and ate, a hundred tribesmen—many carrying rifles—watched in silence from 20-ft. high banks of the draw.

Some roast chicken was left over from lunch and a crew member politely offered it to a watching tribesman. Roars broke out from the tribe—some wanted to accept it—others screamed it was unclean food cooked by infidels. Poison! The argument spread through the crowd! Men ran up and down waving rifles.

In fifteen minutes the caravan was packed and driving off.

At 3:15 a.m. they reached Bala Murghab — men grey with fatigue, cars grey with dust. Twenty-three hours to cover 176 miles.

From Bala Murghab to Pakistan the going wasn't much worse, but never got much better, either. Daily average speed seldom rose above 15 mph. The narrow road to Istalif—last overnight stop in Afghanistan—climbed 9,800 feet through the chill, thin air of the Shibar Pass. From Istalif the caravan hurried through Kabul, capital of Afghanistan, plunged down the last wall of the fabulous Himalaya mountains and plowed through a choking sandstorm to reach Peshawar in Pakistan. They were welcomed with a feast, with music and dancing—but the most welcome sight of all was the blacktop road stretching all the way to Calcutta.

Looking back over the run, one observer on the trip wrote: "I was absolutely astonished by the durability of these 58 Fords. I had no idea they could be driven so hard by slam-bang professional drivers, week after week, over such horrible terrain without breaking up. We never had a bit of mechanical trouble. The new engines, automatic transmissions, steering gear and front and rear suspension absorbed unbelievable punishment and came through with flying colors. The cars conquered everything but knee-deep mud and kept ahead of the 4-wheel drive trucks all the way. They had 'export' springs—a regular factory option—to take care of the 500 pounds of extra gear that each car carried in the trunk. In every other respect, the Fords were perfectly standard 58 models. The drivers came to be very proud of 'my car' as they called them, and said they could go *anywhere*, take *anything!*"

The 1500-mile run over the Grand Trunk Highway from Peshawar across Pakistan and India to Calcutta promised to be a comparative joy ride. Yet the pressure of the time schedule was always there. In just three days the *S.S. Santhia* would sail from Calcutta—destination, Malaya. The entire caravan *must* be aboard or wait perhaps a month for the next passage.

Jaipur—The Maharajah's elephants escorted the 58 Ford up the famed Elephant Walk of the Amber Palace.

Once again, smooth roads meant clogging traffic. The drivers kept a tense alert for jaunty tongas—the 2-wheel, horse-drawn Indian taxis—lumbering bullocks, weaving cyclists and country folk plodding their weary way to the next village. To so much as tick a sacred Brahmany bull could trigger a serious incident.

In Jaipur, the Maharajah's elephants turned out in a proud parade and royally escorted the Fords up the famed Elephant Walk of the Amber Palace on the outskirts of the city. There was also a brief stop in Benares, the holy city of India, where hundreds of thousands go to die, so that their ashes may be scattered in the Ganges river from the steps of the Burning Ghat.

But the killing pushes through Iran and Afghanistan paid off; Calcutta was reached on schedule. With a general sigh of relief, the caravan boarded the *Santhia* and sailed off down the Hooghly River with its shifting quicksands that can swallow a ship whole. For a week the men slept, ate, slept again.

Turn right at Bangkok

Arriving at the island port of Penang in Malaya, the expedition was unloaded and ferried across to the mainland for the long run up the Malay Peninsula to Bangkok. Across the Thailand border in Haadyai four flatcars were waiting on a siding, and the jump to Bangkok was traveled by rail. Why? No road . . . not even a cart track. Faced with a similar situation in Iran the expedition had simply made its own road right out across the desert. But now they were dealing with a tropical jungle where it takes men days to cut even a narrow footpath for a short distance.

Bangkok means King of Siam. It is a city of startling contrasts, with American movies showing just down the street from ancient and weirdly beautiful temples. Here, the great Sleeping Buddha—one hundred and fifty feet long and two stories high—drowses forever. The weary crew, luxuriating in an air-conditioned hotel, wished they could do the same. But the schedule still held. So they turned right and pushed down across

Bangkok—The golden girls of the old Siamese pagodas stand eternally serene outside sacred Buddhist temples.

the border into the jungles of Cambodia. The road was "passable" but the crew soon found other, more suitable adjectives to describe it. The caravan slithered and wallowed through gluey jungle mud —product of the drenching monsoon rains that for centuries have stopped all road movement through Indo-China.

A day later they came upon one of the true wonders of the world . . . the great dark purple brooding temple of Angkor Wat and the nearby city of Angkor Thom guarded by the sacred, nine-headed cobra. Over a million people lived here centuries ago. Then they vanished, and the vines grew up, and the city with its temple slept in the jungle for 800 years—lost from all record—until a French naturalist stumbled on the ruins by accident in 1860.

At this stage the caravan was like a tired horse headed for its stable, and across Cambodia the tempo picked up until the border was crossed in a rush and Saigon was close at hand.

Saigon, capital of Vietnam, has been known to generations of travelers as the Paris of the Orient. Beautiful girls in black silk sheaths bicycle gracefully down its boulevards past the sidewalk cafes. The crew barely looked about them. They ate fast, worked fast and rushed for the planes that would carry them across the South China Sea to the exotic Philippines, the Mariana Islands, and beautiful Hawaii. Thence on to San Francisco for the last long run across still a third great continent as they hustled over North America's great Rockies, through its cities, across the prairies and back home to Detroit.

To prove itself to you

The 58 Ford was sent around the world for just one purpose . . . to prove itself to you. It was given the most merciless test ever put to a new automobile before its public announcement. The results speak for themselves. The soundness of the new 58 Ford's design, the enormous strength of its construction, the complete dependability of all its working parts have been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. When you sit behind the wheel of this remarkable new car, you can rest assured that no matter what driving conditions you may meet here in America: numbing cold, broiling heat; city traffic, express highways; mountain passes, desert wastelands; gravel, sand, mud and water—the 58 Ford has already met and conquered similar conditions, and worse. There's nothing newer, nothing finer on any road in the world today than the 58 Ford.

United States—Out of the West, bound for Detroit, the 1958 Ford whirls on its way home . . . the first car ever to use the whole world as a test track!

The Ford Motor Company wishes to express its grateful thanks to the United States Department of State and to the people and governments of England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Cambodia, Vietnam. Without their friendly help and willing cooperation, the 58 Ford could not have made its journey around the world.

58 FORD AT UNITED NATIONS, NEW YORK CITY

58 FORD

PROVED AND APPROVED AROUND THE WORLD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.